

Dr. Gleason

MR. GLEASON'S ORATION.

MR. GILSON'S ORATION.



AN
ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT THE BAPTIST MEET-
ING-HOUSE IN WRENTHAM,

FEBRUARY 22, 1800.

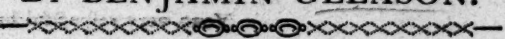
AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

IN MEMORY OF

Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON,

FIRST PRESIDENT AND LATE COMMANDER
IN CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA,

WHO DIED DEC. 14, 1799. ÆTATIS 68.

——
BY BENJAMIN GLEASON.
——

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By NATHANIEL AND BENJAMIN HEATON.

XXXXX
1800.

WRENTHAM, FEBRUARY 22, 1800.

SIR,

THE Committee appointed to make arrangements for the 22d February inf-
return you their grateful thanks, for the spirited and patriotic Oration, which
you delivered, in compliance with their request, in honor of the late General
GEORGE WASHINGTON: and request a copy for the press.

We are, Sir,

With respect and esteem,

Your most obedient Servants,

SILAS METCALF.

THOMAS METCALF.

ALLEN TILLINGHAST.

MR. BENJAMIN GLEASON.

WRENTHAM, February 22, 1800.

GENTLEMEN,

GRATEFUL for the honors you are pleased to confer on my infant exertions,
I accept your request with the most respectful satisfaction; and, considering my
compliance with your wishes—an act of indispensable duty; I deliver to your
generous disposal, the copy solicited.

I am, Gentlemen,

With every demonstration of esteem,

Your very respectful humble Servant,

BENJAMIN GLEASON.

To Mess. SILAS METCALF.

THOMAS METCALF.

ALLEN TILLINGHAST.

Committee of Arrangements.



ORATION, &c.

" Quæ regio, in terris nostri non plena laboris ?
" En Georgius ! sunt hic etiam sua prema laudi,
" Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
" Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum."

VIRGIL.

TO delineate a character truly dignified, truly illustrious, truly worthy, and truly great ; to portray a personage glowing with every virtue, that can adorn humanity ; to display the grandeur of human excellence ; to paint the inimitable Hero ! claim requisitions far beyond the pen, or pith of language.

While I, unassuming, blushing, intimidated with my many imperfections ; conscious of my own incapacity, to perform the task imposed by your interested patriotism ; yet, actuated by the warmth of national sympathy, present to your generous wishes, the first fruits of a heart, warm, susceptible, and grateful ;—the imperfect production of an infant pen ; may your distinguished candor deign to yield the lenity of forbearance, to veil its defects, and may the generous smile of undisguised complacency, reward the anxieties of youth and inexperience.

We pause to contemplate the various vicissitudes of life ; we are lost in the sublimities of wonder, while viewing the changeful, progressive drama of nature. Neither can the eagle eye of human investigation, unravel the complicated revolutions of time ; nor can the wishful eye of anticipation, disentangle the labyrinth of futurity—we are human ! Yet, though our finite views are bounded in the orbit of terrestrial being, though the barriers of time confine our most subtle perceptions, the regions of fancy are outspread before us, and it is
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the happy privilege of human nature to regress in the paths of retrospection—to review the lives and ages that have existed to time immemorial.

Where shall we begin the tale of woe? how conduct the recital? what shall we say?—We mourn this day the demise of a man, the companion of merit, the bulwark of war, the synod of peace, the legislature of the world; the friend of mankind, the glory of his country, the WASHINGTON of AMERICA.

How many millions, this day, mourn the loss of this best, and most exalted of men. Alas! alas! HE, whom the active fires of genius once animated with all the energies of life, now sleeps in “dull, cold marble;” yet, he sleeps not forgotten! no, his name blooms in our affections; his virtues live, the paragon of imitation, to an admiring world; and his fame shall be measured only by a line running parallel with Eternity.

Where is the page of history, producing an instance like this? More than five millions of people, extending over thousands of miles, with the deepest sympathy, and with the tears of affectionate regret, embalming the fond remembrance of a man, dear to their deeply affected bosoms, whom heaven had destined the salvation of America, the saviour of its people. Where was? or where is the equal to our departed WASHINGTON?—GEORGE WASHINGTON shines unparalleled on the page of recollection.

Shall we not repeat, with fervor and affection, the virtues of a man, whom we have long delighted to honor? will it not be grateful for us, who live to realize this allwise dispensation of an overruling providence, to transmit to posterity the warmth of our feelings, and teach them the love of virtue? the father of our country is no more! the benefactor, defender, supporter, and life of our liberties, lives no more to wield the vivid sword of freedom, to guard the parapet, and avenues of civil and religious dignity; to foster the growth of political reputation; or to shine first in glory in the horizon of our political existence.

Language

Language is insufficient to express our feelings. Death, with relentless hand, hath deprived us of the most amiable, the most heroic of mortals, the most splendid luminary in the rank of worthies, "the fairest among ten thousand," the first in our affections.

As rises the sun of nature, from the vernal equinox, with fast advances towards his summer solstice; and, progressing, with increasing heat, impregnates all things with life, bloom, and animation: so rose a WASHINGTON, unrivaled and glorious in the hemisphere of our young columbian world—the sun of political happiness! and by attraction and reaction, he united in himself the virtues of wisdom, prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, philanthropy: connected and cemented our happy union, and imparted peace, and independence to a grateful people. He rose glorious in his sphere of political prosperity, he extinguished the torches of war; and he secured, and established this independence and peace to millions succeeding millions yet unborn. As his rise and progress was useful, unblemished, and glorious; so his decline was fair, faultless, and unclouded; and this sun of glory set amid the blessings, and benedictions of an approving applauding world.

The nations of the east have produced their worthies! their heroes! and the page of glory is lined with the brilliancy of former ages—but what is a Pompey, a Cæsar, an Alfred? what the whole line of European Kings? what an Alexander, a Cato, a Scipio, a Hannibal? contrasted with our illustrious Chief! they suffer by comparison, and the palm of glory is awarded to WASHINGTON.

The pages of American fame are brightened with the fair and respectable names of a Campbell, Mercer, Wooster, Montgomery, Warren; a Morgan, Mifflin, Moultrie, Sumpter, Knox, Manly, St. Claire, Waine, Putnam, Lincoln, Gates, and Greene, while the name of WASHINGTON appears, amid this brilliant assemblage of worthies, in golden capitals, unequaled, splendid and immortal.

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We have the privileged satisfaction, this day, of recapitulating the works, and virtues, of this distinguished object of our affections; of elevating to public view the portrait of a man, whom, next to heaven, we esteemed, loved, revered: but how can we do justice to a Character, so long esteemed, so much beloved? the idol of more than five millions of people, our federal Head! the pillar and pinnacle of our confederated constitution, the arbiter and dictator of our republican exertions, the union and stability of our federate republic, the very basis of our political liberty. Language is weak: Yet our endeavors are evincive to a wondering world of the gratitude of a free, enlightened, and independent people, delighting to aggrandize, and immortalize their heroes; our exertions, to celebrate thy honors, are worthy of thee, departed shade! and could any thing human affect thee, in the mansions of bliss; couldst thou be permitted to hover over thy once native land, to eye the grateful sympathies, the tears immeasurable; to witness the illimitable sighs, and grief of a people, undivided and indivisible; sure our exertions are calculated to augment and perpetuate thy happiness. And our efforts, while they live the eternal monument of unfading honor, towering to heaven with the virtues of WASHINGTON, are designed to impress on the minds of the present, and succeeding generations, the gratitude of America, our love of virtue, and the immortality of our Heroes.

America was young, and beautiful; blooming in the robes of innocence, and virtue; but as a child severed from domestic happiness, by the cruel rigor of parental discipline, so grew our young world.

Severed from their parent home, by insupportable oppression; the sons of liberty sought an asylum of peace, in the wilds of North America. Heaven smiled on the arduous enterprize; took America under its own peculiar care, and advanced her glorious, on the roll

roll of fame; She grew and flourished, and the then barren desert soon bloomed the Eden of the world.

Envy and jealousy, those baneful propensities of human nature, soon, like the collision of flint and steel, produced the flames of faction. Power and oppression opposed to peace and prosperity; malignity, duplicity and dissimulation opposed to simplicity, imbecility and innocence; tyranny opposed to patriotism; wealth to weakness; villany to virtue, and interest clashing against interest—a convulsion, strong and effectual—the struggle for conquest on one side, and independence on the other, equally conflicting, like inflammable mechanism, and all things fermenting for final disruption! then did the smiles of our guardian God, unfold in the bosom of America, the inimitable WASHINGTON. The retrospective eye delights to retrace the growing glories of his existence; and, in the recital, the cheek of sensibility feels the humid glow of grateful remembrance, bathing its mantling front in sweet suffusion.

We see the youthful WASHINGTON, ardent and inflamed with the love of liberty and country, at his first onset in life, fearless of the frowns of human arrogance, in the year 1755, with Braddock at the Monongahela, leading from death and danger, his own life, reserved for more important services, and the lives of many, astonished at the intrepidity of a youth, almost veteran; wondering and blessing the magnanimous spirit that had saved them from destruction. Here first were awakened into life those military talents, which bloomed afterward in such unparalleled splendor; those superior abilities, which, afterward, shone so eminent and conspicuous, here began their co-efficient operations; here was the extensive chain of public utility wound up, to run down but with life itself; and here the Genius of liberty lit up, in the bosom of WASHINGTON, the flames of inextinguishable glory. From this year to the important era, 1775, that called again into action the abilities of a WASHINGTON,

TON, we pass,—not as over a blank, or an inactive void; no, but we pass, unable to enumerate the multiplicity of his active virtues, or the various distributions of his official beneficence.

When America was invested with fleets, invaded with armies; when the armed soldiery of an imperious, despotic nation, disposed to war and rapine, were sap- ping the foundation of the prosperous prospects, and sanguine hopes of America; and aiming at the total sub- version of government, religion, law, liberty and life; when every bosom burnt with the frenzy of despair, and every heart beat to arms! to arms!

Then appeared a WASHINGTON, glorious in his sphere, through the cloud collected gloom, his presence burst;—dispelled the fears of millions, and shone in majesty effulgent; the terrors of war subside, himself a host! he moved terrible in arms! and an enemy, corpulent in grandeur and magnificence, shrank ap- paled beneath his vengeful, vindictive arm. By the unanimous voice of congress, at this critical juncture of affairs, GEORGE WASHINGTON was appoint- ed General and Commander in Chief of the united forc- es, raised for the defence and protection of our colo- nies, (June 15, 1775,) a little previous to the memorable action at Bunkers Hill, (June 17.) A pleasing satisfac- tion, mingled with the reflection, steals into the mind, at this moment; while the genuine ardor of feeling, man- ifested at this time, by our countrymen, for the support of freedom, and the rights of man, passes in review be- fore us. Here a small party of Americans, the hardy yeomanry of Massachusetts, chalenged the prowess of Great Britain; without fears, without trepidation, these Columbian youths, intrepid and invulnerable, lavish of life, stood the contest: Victory was disputable; and, though compelled at last to yield to superior force, they humiliated the inflated hopes of Britain, and retreated, greatly exulting in their valor, exceeded only by their wishes. Forgive the grateful tear, rising, a tribute to
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the generous WARREN, who, this day, fought as a volunteer for his country, and voluntarily gave his life, a sacrifice for his country's emancipation from slavery. The Boston Massacre, (5th of March 1770,) when Preston opened the tremendous scene of blood in New-England; the engagement at Lexington, (19th of April, 1775,) when General Gage, the pampered champion of Europe, consigned to a Lieut. Col. Smith the lives and properties of our fellow citizens, who were then leaning on Adams and Hancock,—and on Heaven! and Lexington and Concord saw their sons bleeding at the altars of freedom;—these events, together with the 17th of June, had now completely paved the way to regular opposition, and universal war; and, on the 3d of July, General WASHINGTON, with his natural dignified diffidence, took command of the established American army, then in the vicinity of Boston.

Can we love too much this generous Nobleman? can we too much speak his praises? he relinquishes domestic ease, and the joys of agricultural life; he quits his happy home, and leaves the fair bosom of love, friendship and affection!—his country calls!—prepared, he seizes the two edged sword of justice; and in the triumphal chariot of victory, he approaches the field of Mars; the *Ægis* of wisdom alone his defence. Behold him advancing to the warlike camp; distinguished, with an appearance inferior to none,—with a mind superior to all; while the prayers and blessings of all ages, ranks and sexes, are heaped upon him.

At his arrival at the army, his judicious administration and management relieved the apprehensions of all: He overcame all embarrassments; he introduced discipline, good order, and subordination among freemen, accustommed to act and think for themselves—an arduous task! but his perseverance accomplished all things; he hushed disorder, abridged extravagances, repressed internal cavils, and outrode the currents and whirlpools, of envy and disaffection.—His own exalted breast,

breast embosomed in itself the arbitration of war, and the dignity of human nature. Here he began his plan of operations; which, in process of time, was the dissolution of American dependencies, and the final disunion of the mother country, from her colonies.

How did his bosom burn while viewing the young, yet populous Boston, groaning beneath the oppressive ravages of hostile war, and bleeding under the bayonets of unfeeling brutality. Can the mental eye extend to these scenes with unfeeling indifference? and can we, children of fathers, who, with their lives and properties, have ransomed us from slavery and destruction; with passions unmoved, or with bosoms unaffected, recite these horrors of human sufferance?

While all things were in agitation, the British suffering by blockade, and the Americans for want of arms and ammunition; the great soul of WASHINGTON alone, conceived and matured the plan of extirpating from the town of Boston, the troops there quartered; of eradicating from the bosom of this little republic, the licentious savageness, the hardened villainy of British myrmidons,—a gang, “hired to the trade of death,” by regal authority; a garrison, rapacious and insatiate for human blood. Our beloved WASHINGTON, the prime conductor, under the orders of General Thomas, while all hearts and hands unite in performing the task of duty, toward midnight, (on the 4th of March, 1776,) began the execution of an enterprize, unequalled in the annals of Massachusetts; and the co-operation of men and minds, on the 5th of March, at early day, presented to astonished thousands, a series of labors, the work of but a few hours; which, conducted with the utmost silence and circumspection, had arisen like enchantment!—a proof of the glorious enthusiasm, which animated our countrymen, at this crisis of calamitous danger. Then, on the brow of Dorchester heights, streamed the banners of our independence triumphant.

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This glorious exploit fabricated by the mental powers of WASHINGTON, and executed by the free-born sons of liberty, appalled the Hydra of despotism, disconcerted the contrivances of Albion ingenuity, and intrigue, and compelled Howe, with his demagogues, and his thousands to evacuate the town of Boston; the rising citadel of wealth, and commerce; too long subjugated by the insulting menaces of court policy, too long, subjected to the voracious caprice of ministerial rapacity. After the embarkation of General Howe; we see our beloved chief enter the town in triumph. Who can describe the joy and reciprocal congratulations of parents, children, kindred, friends? dissolving the miseries, dissolving all the disagreeables, resulting from long confinement, and the long endurance of hardships, in the streams of pure gratitude flowing from the soul. Oh! extacy inexpressible! transports too delicate! unutterable. The honor was WASHINGTON's; "He was honored by congress with a vote of thanks"—and our civil fathers, the Massachusetts council, and house of representatives, jointly, addressed him, "may you still go on approved by heaven, revered by all good men, and dreaded by those tyrants who claim their fellow men as their property.*"

Now dawned the Aurora of American glory, and soon, through the mazy mist collected in the east; burst the grateful Sun of liberty; with its rarefying beams, cheering the columbian world:—The epoch of our national renown, grandeur and pre-eminence framed by the wisdom of sages, erected on the arch called the Rights of Man, and supported by the unshaken pillars, virtue and justice: While a WASHINGTON with the flaming sword of equity, was the guardian angel of its blessings. (July 4, 1776.)

A little previous to this, General WASHINGTON had made head-quarters at New-York; painful scenes succeeded:—We see him at Long-Island, York-Island, and

* *Vide* Ramsey's Hist. Amer. Revolution, vol. I. p. 265.

and New-Jersey, rising greatly superior to human sufferings, and conflicting with death in all its hideous forms. From these corrosive conflicts, we pass to the fields of Trenton:—Here we see our pre-eminent WASHINGTON invulnerable, invincible! while the British army, leaning on fatal security, are rapt in the fumes of intemperance and dissipation, having crossed the Delaware, amid warring elements, and the uproar of nature, with the scattering remains of an army, fearless of danger, and ardent for liberty; himself alone triumphant, under the auspices of heaven—turning the scale of fate in favor of America, and wearing the laurels of conquest and victory: (Dec. 25, 1776) and here we see the conqueror inclining a disjointed army to his wishes, and uniting them to himself, and the interest of his country, by his wisdom, eloquence and magnanimity. Here the genius of a WASHINGTON lit up the fires of deception to amuse a savage soldiery; while he himself, on the plains of Princetown, enjoys the completion of his well-concerted enterprize.* Here were the desponding hopes of Columbia revived; and here, the torch of American joy and triumph, was relumed by the valor and invincibility of our brave, intrepid WASHINGTON.

What eye sparkles not with generous sensations? what heart dilates not with pleasure? while memory reproduces the matchless genius, bravery, and perseverance of our active, courageous, exalted commander! See him, while at Morristown, with about fifteen hundred foldiers, keeping as many thousands of British regulars, closely confined at Brunswick, through an eventful and strangely diversified winter; perplexing their vigilance, deranging their plans, intercepting their movements, frustrating their schemes, and foiling their operations; so great! so glorious! in war, was our gallant WASHINGTON.

See

* *Vide* Morfe's Geography, vol. I. p. 288.

See him, stationed on the high grounds, near Chaddsford, on the Brandywine creek, (September 11, 1777*,) encountering a formidable host; opposing himself to the united forces of Kniphausen and Cornwallis; though in an eligible position, yet inferior in force, and suffering, by misrepresentation, the privation of conquest, and the misfortune of disappointed hopes. It was here that generous nobleman, Marquis de la Fayette, first bled in defence of freedom, and human rights.

At Germantown, (October 4, 1777,) and at Freehold, or Monmouth, (June 1778;) we see the prop of our preservation, meeting with new difficulties, and embarrassments; yet rising, patient of fatigue, boyant above the tides of unavoidable distress.

War affords a multiformity of light and shade; the picture is alternately darkened, with the turpitude of human actions and passions; and brightened with the glow of successful triumph and victories. Though the Americans were repulsed and baffled, in many of their laudible essays for freedom, at this time; yet at this time, they were fortunate in many instances. The surrender at Saratoga, (October 17, 1777,) forms a memorable era in the American war—here Burgoyne yielded the honors of victory to the valiant GATES; and, by this, the eclat of Columbian arms was rendered respectable to all nations of the earth. We also reflect, with pleasure, on the exertions of a GREENE, whose virtues serve to brighten those of a WASHINGTON, and we hasten to the final, and finishing scene of warfare.

Suppressing the fears, and inspiring the hopes of all; quelling sedition, and elevating merit, with the coalescing arms of France and America;—we see our dauntless, determined WASHINGTON closing the eventful contest, between the mother country, and the United States. The broad bosom of the Chesapeek wafts the forces of an ally to the relief of America;—the streams of York river, rolling gladly in their courses, meet

* *Vide* Hannah Adams' Hist. N. E. p. 381.

meet the Count de Graffe,—the combined armies besiege Yorktown, in Virginia; the besiegers, impatient for retaliation, pour in, upon the long successful enemy, the livid balls of vengeance, and the besieged sink beneath the impending ruin.

Now a potent, and powerful foe, no longer able to run counter to the dictates of reason, and justice, proffers the inverted sword, to the son of his own prisoner, and Laurens smiling at the humiliation of British pride, receives the honors of war:—the capitulation of Cornwallis, sealed up the then undetermined fate of our nation. (October 19, 1781.)

While Britain mourned the fatal catastrophe, we saw our conquering WASHINGTON, presenting to his grateful countrymen the ripened trophies of victorious conquest, and America rising from the ruins, and distresses of war, “to hold a name, and a rank among the nations of the earth;” to enjoy, under the smiles of divine providence, in perpetual flow, the blessings of independence and peace. Such were the complicated casualties of war; such the chances and changes of eventful incidents; such the consequences, that flowed from a revolution as important, as it was glorious; and such, and so great was the illustrious chief, who decided the contest in favor of America. His soul, comprehensive, penetrating, disinterested, and loyal, disdained the threatening menaces of intimidating tyranny: based our empire, upon the immutable stability of permanent glory; and restored the blooming olive branch, the emblem of peace, safety and independence, to the ark of our constitution; there, like Aaron’s rod, to bloom forever, the memento of his own immortality.

Is not such a distinguished personage worthy of every honor a happy people can bestow?

We see, throughout the variable scenes of war, a WASHINGTON, with unequalled valor, skill, firmness, bravery, and perseverance, warding off from his native country the whelming bolts of destruction.

We

We behold the abolition of tyranny accomplished by him, as the instrument of heaven; while the vassals of pampered pride, and the assassins of peace; the butchers of innocence, and the perpetrators of unspeakable crimes fly to their covert holes, and dread the all-powerful arm of the heroic WASHINGTON. How disinterested! independent of personal emolument, he towered to glory by his own glorious achievements. At home he assuaged the tumults of disorder, and softened the rigors of military discipline—he held the reigns of government in easy equipoise, alleviated the distresses of bereavement, and appropriated his life and fortune voluntarily to the services of his country; and we esteem it, this day, our highest happiness, to dedicate to his merits and memory the unfeigned rewards of glory and honor.

The closing scene of war (March 15, 1783) is almost beyond the power of description!* When every species of anonymous and seditious publications were interspersed in the walks of man, designedly to inflame the minds of officers and soldiers;—when all things were converging to a single point, and the Americans were inconsiderately about to sully the glory of seven years services, by internal feuds, animadversion, and discontent; then, in this extreme disagreeable emergency,—when every exertion of human wisdom, every effort of human genius, and all the energies of a WASHINGTON were requisite to calm the perturbation, and disaffection of an unclothed, an unpaid army, just about to be disbanded; then we see our beloved magnanimous WASHINGTON, a WASHINGTON still! obtaining, by his unconquerable address, influence, and eloquence, a more complete victory, over the irritable minds and passions of his constituents, than could have been effected by a world in arms. “He conjured them, as they valued
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* *Vide* Ramsey's Hist. Amer. Revolution, vol. II. p. 325.

their honor; as they respected the rights of humanity; as they regarded the military and national character of America, to express their utmost detestation of the man, who should attempt to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge their rising empire with blood."

The human heart, though tenacious, is susceptible, and yielding to the admonitions and remonstrances of the brave, the honored and the good! his soothing, pathetic, and spirited address had the desired effect. His superior and patriotic conduct, at this crisis, saved his much loved country from almost inevitable distress and destruction; and by his affable and conciliating abilities, he formed a double advantaged reconciliation, giving peace to his long harrassed country; and preventing the infuriate ravages of war, perhaps, to assail his animated countrymen; and perhaps, to make an easy conquest of them, broken and disunited. He disbands the American army (Nov. 2, 1783.) They, with gratitude to heaven for their preservation, and with the silent tear of inexpression at their separation, return peacefully to their respective homes, and dissolve the remembrance of past sufferings in the soft endearments of domestic bliss,—in the joyous cup of temperate pleasure. We follow our beloved WASHINGTON to Annapolis, (the capital of Maryland, then the seat of Congress.) Here he resigns his commission;—how do his grateful countrymen accompany him with every demonstration of public and private joy and congratulation, intermingled with the wonder and admiration of all mankind.

In a large and respectable audience of distinguished and illustrious characters, he relinquishes his trust. In a pathetic manner, he addresses the President of Congress, expressing his warm affection for his country; and, with a sincerity of feeling, he expresses the grateful devotion of his soul, towards the Supreme Ruler

Ruler of the Universe, his own,—his country's God! The mingling agitation, and reciprocal emotions of the spectators, create feelings too delicate, too sublime for human utterance;—to see the father of their liberties, the deliverer of their country, “the commander in chief of their armies resigning all public employments; and his country acknowledging his services, and loading him with their blessings,”* was a scene beyond,—it beggars all expression. We pause,—let happy, prompt conception fill a space for words. We pass the scene: we follow him to his delightful seat at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, relieved from the ravages and devastations of war; and dismissed with honor and satisfaction from his important duties, by a grateful feeling people, wishing to reward, with affluence and grandeur, him, who felt sufficiently rich in their affections. He, greatly independent, received not hire for the beneficent services he had rendered a people oppressed; for services so conducive to the general prosperity and happiness of America. A noble proof of his disinterested attachment to liberty, and his country. He fought again, “with ineffable delight,” the shades of Vernon, his own Potowmac, and the happy circle of domestic friendship; while generous Americans vie with each other in yielding him testimonials of grateful esteem. His reception at the Vernonian mansion; the pure, unaffected and heartfelt joy and satisfaction of neighbors and domestics; the welcoming smiles, and various tenderesses of conjugal love;—parents, long severed from their children, again holding them in their arms; children once more at home, after long and irksome absences; friends long separated, again pressing to their bosoms, the bosom of friendship; and tasting the sweets of reunion, are only capable of realizing. So much beloved was
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* *Kids Ramsey's Hist. Amer. Revolution, vol. II. p. 333.*

our virtuous WASHINGTON! "Though war exhibits all the ferocious passions of human nature, and opens scenes deeply wounding to the feeling heart; yet, it also developes all the energies of character; and, during the American contest, we contemplate with admiration the love of country in many instances rising superior to every selfish consideration; an enthusiasm for liberty supplying the place of military discipline; and invincible resolution finally surmounting every obstacle.

The American war exhibited the most eminent military characters; brought to view the immortal WASHINGTON, and placed him at the head of an illustrious train of heroes,"* where he shone conspicuous and pre-eminent;—elevated him to claim the first place, in the hearts of his countrymen, where his merits are written with the diamond of unfading perpetuity. Now, while the blessings of peace are disseminated through our happy land; the peaceful pleasures of rural life afford a grateful respiration to him, whose coercive and impelling power suppressed enemies, and conducted armies; restrained anarchy, and invigorated the despondency of thousands. We see him, who upheld our tottering republic, established our independence and national glory;—him, who led the embattled van, and guided the glory of conquest; in the philosophic and sequestered shades of Mount Vernon, managing the plow, and cultivating the luxuriant soil.

He obeys the impulse of genuine human feelings; and retires to his happy home, to reap the honors of peace in the cultivation of social blessings; unenvied and revered by all mankind.†

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* *Vide* Hannah Adams' Hist. N. E. p. 480.

† For particular information respecting Gen. WASHINGTON's official reputation, during the American war, the reader is respectfully

Can you? FATHERS! whose locks, silvered with age, command our respect; whose presence heightens the solemnity of the present scene; whose freeborn offspring we are,—can you? while your children dwell on the virtues of a WASHINGTON, while they, in the recital of his actions, bring to your view, momentous scenes—yourselves have realized; can you restrain the rise of generous feelings? can you forbid the grateful tear to rise—a tribute to his memory?—or rather, do not your cheeks, interlined with dignity and age, burn with an ardent glow of veneration; and yourselves delight to do homage to his meritorious virtues?

Can you, YOUNG MEN? eyeing the interested emotions of your fires, stifle the warm flow of feelings awakened by sympathy. We, young men, are the immediate partakers of the blessings, which are the grateful fruits of American emancipation from slavery. We were then sleeping on the bosom of love, or fondled in the lap of maternal tenderness; or, not in being to witness the sufferings of our bleeding country. But now, while the father of our liberties sleeps in death, we live to enjoy the sweets of freedom,—secured to our fathers, ourselves, and our posterity forever.

YE FEMALES! amiable, fair and faultless, endeared to us by every tie of friendly affection; whose tender bosoms are the soft residence of love and virtue. Can you be wanting? to commiserate the warmth of our feelings, by a participation of our sorrows, while we mourn the irreparable loss of so much excellence?

No, the generous female heart must feel, must realize, must acknowledge the pre-eminent worth of

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peetfully referred to Hannah Adams' Hist. New England,—Morse's Amer. Geography,—Ramsay's and Lendrum's Hist. Amer. Revolution, &c. There the mental eye may be assisted to comprehend, in part, the many, manifold virtues of the greatly honored, exalted WASHINGTON.

a man distinguished above his fellows,—a man greatly beloved, and gratefully revered.

We live this day to celebrate the divine excellencies of a WASHINGTON, raised up by heaven for our defence—by his vigilance, watchfulness, perseverance and wisdom, we now are defended from the ungenerous essays of human baseness.—It was the armipotent WASHINGTON, that saved you from a participation in the miseries of war; and while the joys of liberty, peace, and pleasure, encircle you, in your varied walks in life, forget not your deliverer; let the tear of tender sensibility rise to consecrate his memory; and let a grateful remembrance of the exalted WASHINGTON,—enshrined in your hearts—live inviolate, and forever sacred.

Can you, SOLDIERS? flourishing beneath the spread Eagle of America; clothed in the habiliments of war, yet wearing the smiles of peace; can you be unmindful of your WASHINGTON! Him, who secured to you the charter of independence, and the invaluable privileges of freemen. No! it is the pride of the soldier to boast a confidence in their chiefs; and a liberal, unconstrained esteem for their respectable leaders.

Forget a WASHINGTON! when the American soldier forgets his dignity, and importance! when he shrinks appalled from the front of danger! when, with listless step, he forgets the thrilling grandeur of martial music! When he stoops to be the tool of villany! the bone of contention! or the instrument of bribery!—then he may forget a WASHINGTON; but not before!—it is yours, soldiers; you, the defensive rampart, and strength of our Union; it is yours, I say, to feel deeply affected with, and to feel an active interest in, the importance of this day; blush not to participate in the deepening gloom and regret, that pervades, this day, the world:—

world ;—Your General is dead ! your Hero ! your much loved WASHINGTON !

No more do you see your dignified chief, waving the word of command, teaching your infantry the ease and elegance of arms, instructing your cavalry, the gracefulness of action and position, forming the regular battallia, reconnoitring the posts of your encampment, reviewing the lines, covering the flanks, closing the rear, or leading the van : No, your warlike implements reversed ! your weapons of defence inverted ! announce—He is gone ! they point ! he sleeps in death's cold arms.—Yield him your manly tears, they add dignity to your appearance ; and while the spirit of WASHINGTON, transfused into your bosoms, adds lustre to your merits ; it will be grateful for you, rallying round the standard of your liberty, while lifting the wishful eye to see the American Eagle perched aloof ! perchance to eye the blue arch of heaven, and think of WASHINGTON.

Let the honorable FARMER, to whom Spring, Summer, Autum, Winter, all yield their various blessings, forget not him, nor those, nor the medium by which, he receives these advantages, while violent commotions convulse the eastern world, “ he sets under his own vine and fig tree none making him afraid ”—here the din of battle hath ceased ; and sweet peace sits smiling on all his labors—it is his, now, to cultivate the soil, and reap the fruits of his industry, the harvest of plenty : under the auspices of a kind God : a slave to no man, and no man his slave.

It is his to enjoy true pleasure, to enrich his country, to strengthen the sinews of civil and social society, to feel warmly attached to good government,—to despise those pests of public happiness—wishing to degrade the honorable, the elevated, and the meritorious to their own grade ; and it his to applaud the virtuous, the veteran, and the wise !

While

While the respectable MECHANIC, enjoys the sweets of independence, blended with the invaluable blessings—health of person, peace of mind ; returning at the completion of his laborious duties, to the bosom of his happy family ; and with the first break of morning, with renovated satisfaction, rising, to the prosecution of cheerful industry ; seeing his little children eager to imbibe the wholesome instruction ; himself educating them in the paths of virtue, and infusing into their bosoms the love of liberty, and life ! Surely the merits of WASHINGTON must live in grateful remembrance in his mind, and the tear of serious sorrow must moisten his honest cheek.

Let the MERCHANT, now enjoy the fruits of enterprize, let him socialize by commercial connection and interest, his fellow species ; and let his extensive connections and dependencies, encircle the aggregate of human nature ; under his indefatigable exertions, let the armament, the naval strength of America rise to unequalled glory ; let the flag of our union, wave free and respectable in all climes of the Earth ; let the kindred ties of beneficence, and mutual advantage, which gives respectability to nations ; be cemented, and established by him : And let all this, the effect of free government and independence, be the happy medium, through which he sees a cause, a WASHINGTON !—Happy are WE as a PEOPLE, if we can but realize the manifold blessings of Freedom.—Feeling ourselves federal and patriotic ; let us always be mindful of the source, from whence originates all our happiness, both civil, social, and religious. Let us give a warm place, in our grateful bosoms, to the remembrance of those, whom heaven designates, the instruments of prosperity. Let us be united in hearts, interests, and affections. Let us be strenuous in our exertions for the weal and welfare of our country,

country—and let us dedicate the wreaths of everlasting honor, to our immortal Heroes.

Let us, each, severally and individually, feel the impression of devotional love, stimulating us to participate in the sorrows of this day. And may our recent and irrecoverable loss awaken the energies of mind and action, to disavow all dissingenuous passions, principles and propensities; to discountenance false pretensions; to acknowledge the sanctity of true merit; and to speak the praises of good men.

Such a dignified personage as GEORGE WASHINGTON, whose exertions had been so essential to the interest of his country, was not to rest in obscurity. He must again take the posts of honor,—again become an active blessing to his country, and again be instrumentally the vehicle of happiness, to his enfranchised worthy countrymen.

Delegates from the different states assembled at New-York; and, amid an assembly of spectators innumerable, the Father and Deliverer—the Patron and Protector of our country, was inaugurated President of the United States of America, (April 30, 1789.) The scene was solemn and sublime, in the highest degree. His conduct in the presence of this august assembly was striking, affecting, and supremely interesting. Never can these scenes pass from our recollection.—Millions of enlightened freemen, with one voice, giving him the pre-eminent rank of honor. Is not such a divine character worthy of our esteem forever? Yes! and while wisdom continues to enlighten the minds, and virtue to warm the hearts of Americans, so long shall the virtues of WASHINGTON be held sacred in our hearts, and worthy of our veneration.

With unshaken integrity, with principles uncontaminated, pure republican, he takes the helm of our federal compact, and assumes the reigns of independent government.—“Great in war, and great in peace.”

peace." He presides at the head of civil administration, with the same dignified deportment, with the same perspicuous magnanimity, that distinguished him, as first, in the day of battle. With a noble and disinterested love of country, ever active and persevering; he over-rules all the disinclining interests of different, dissenting, and widely extended communities; he controls party spirit; represses the flames of sedition; encourages the arts and sciences; appals vice; and exalts virtue. He gives stability and the fixure of glory, to the component parts of our federal system; and he rules the legislative, judicial, and executive branches of this union, with unvarying justice, invariable equity, and immortal honor.

He is, again and again, clothed with the robes of magistracy; his countrymen have the most inviolable attachment to his person, and the most indissoluble confidence in his abilities. A man greatly esteemed! they are unwilling to yield to his repeated solicitations, to return to the vale of humble life, where he may enjoy the uninterrupted sweets of rural, real, and serene happiness. But his anxiety increasing in proportion with his years;—after having, by the gallantry of Wayne, brought the tawny savage to acknowledge the superiority of merit, and to feel subjection to the conquering arm of justice; after having braced the nerves, and equalized the pulsations of the body politic—giving permanency to public faith, and extending human happiness; after having, with the concurrence of congress and the consenting approbation of his compatriots, laid a plan for Columbian felicity, by a proclamation of neutrality, (April 22, 1795) when the European powers were in a state of warfare and commotion; (which conduct gave us an exemplification of his transcendent firmness, penetration, and capability—by his vast and comprehensive views, the very anticipation of evil is crushed, and incapable of rising; and by his active

tive energies we are secured in the inclosures of peace and prosperity ;) after performing these duties, as an extenuation of present exigencies, his resignation was received with every grateful demonstration, a grateful people could bestow ; with all the honors of American gratitude.

Throughout his whole life, we observe a dignified, uniform and exemplary character ; consistent, active and useful. As he was brave in the field, so he was wise and vigilant in council ; he was the brilliancy of war, and the glory of the cabinet. Language can but faintly trace the outlines of a life, so truly eminent as WASHINGTON's. Notwithstanding we, this day, feel happy in having the opportunity of unfolding to public view the exterior of a life, so dear, so valuable ; the loss of which is so much lamented by all ranks and ages.

How great must this man be ! there is something sacred even in the very name of WASHINGTON ; a something which abashes the vilifying menaces of spurious calumny, and keeps at defiance the barefaced slanderer ; a something that makes us Americans feel our own importance, when we reflect how great the Chief, we have long honored with our esteem ; a man endeared to us by every virtue that creates human happiness.

Faithful and firm to the interest of his country, glowing with pure patriot equanimity ; the injurious aspersions of malevolence reach him not. His country's pride and preservation—by his patriot exertions our altars remain unviolated, and the privilege of worshipping after the manner of our fathers, a privilege co-eval with life itself, is continued to posterity in grateful perpetuity. In fine, we Americans, freed from servile servitude, and free denizens of the "great globe itself," are enjoying in common all the blessings and pleasures that flow from internal harmony, union, civilization, public prosperity, and national

tional glory—secured to us through the volumes of ages, by the joint efforts of our fathers;—by the manifold wisdom and patronage of our venerable sage, fire, and hero! our beatified patriot—**GEORGE WASHINGTON!**

His munificent heart was the seat of tenderness and affection. Kind, complacent, and agreeable, he was the life of friendship and domestic happiness; active, warm, valiant and patriotic, he was the defensive repeler of formidable invasion; cherishing and protecting the tree of liberty; and the brightest gem in the diadem of political glory. Such was the invaluable worth, and transcendent merit of our **WASHINGTON**; and such the superlative grandeur of human virtues.

To the enlightened and respectable successor of **WASHINGTON**, a large field for action was opened; hostilities were flaming abroad, and the warmth of foreign contention began to involve America in distresses. The amicable overtures of peaceful reconciliation began by our federal Father, and continued by his successor—the illustrious **ADAMS**, being slighted, America was reduced to the unhappy alternative, either to relinquish her sovereignty, and suffer plunderers to violate her commerce; or to arm and act on the defensive, against infatuated Frenchmen. At this crisis of danger and disappointment, every heart beat warm to re-produce, on the theatre of action, the imperial veteran—they sought him midst the rural shades of Vernon—they found him solacing his declining years, with the delights of agriculture; and cheering the virtues of life, by a steady perseverance in the paths of duty.—Good old man! Amiable, venerable **WASHINGTON!!**

To the importuning solicitude of his country, he yields to become again their commander, and the conductor of their armies. This is the completion of his official character.

From

From this we pass to the closing scene of life. What courage! what greatness! though the pains and pangs of approaching dissolution infold him in their oppressive struggles; yet, inflexible in virtue, no inglorious feeling steals into his bosom: the present serenity of his soul, comports with his whole former life. The satisfaction of having performed his part well, with true christian triumph, dispels the gloomy terrors of death, and paves the way to a peaceful decline. His soul is awakened in the prospects of smiling futurity, out-spread before him: the joys of christianity cheer his soul in the moment of separation from all things terrestrial. Without the apprehensions of doubt or distrust; and without that recoiling reluctance that tortures life into non-existence, he sleeps in peace—he dies! A pause of tears is our relief:—Oh! death, what a conquest hast thou made. In this one man, we have lost the fairest and the first; the worthiest and the best, of political blessings: we feel our loss, and we yield him back to fill the vacuity in heaven; while a world, shrouded in tears, hymn a WASHINGTON in glory!

Truly sublime, and supremely independent, the divine excellencies of the godlike WASHINGTON, shone without a parallel in every sphere of his existence—now transplanted to the realms of blessedness; unassisted, they bloom progressive, in boundless immortality. The marble pile, pyramid, and obelisk may rise to consecrate his memory; but these are perishable!—Our hearts are monuments, alone sufficient to retain his merits; here shall forever live the worth of WASHINGTON; here his virtues are enthroned; and here, in grateful, perpetual remembrance, lives, bosomed over with affection, his deathless name.

Ages, succeeding ages, shall learn the name and virtues of this our beloved WASHINGTON; and fathers shall repeat to their children, and to their children's

children's children, down from one generation to another, his glorious deeds and meritorious deserts. Thus, each succeeding 22d of February shall return and revive the remembrance of his manifold virtues; while his celebrity, ever grateful and glorious, shall exist, continue, and be extended, co-eternal with duration itself!

While America, weeping at his urn, the inevitable fate of her entombed favorite;—while she is fondly imprinting the impressions of love, on the dear remembrance, suspended to the left side of her bosom, the miniature of her WASHINGTON;—Fancy presents him wearing the smiles of beatific complacency; and the warriors of America, who spilt their blood in the support of liberty and life, presenting him the crown of glory, and leading him grateful to the joys of immortality; while wondering angels, joying in the arrival of their long wished for guest, crowd from the portals of bliss; and, opening interchangeably, receive and conduct him triumphant, in anxious retrocession, to the bosom of his God! Our wishful eyes follow, till the closing threshold intercepts, and receiving him from our sight, unfolds to our receding eyes, in shining capitals—ACUTA INDELIBILIS SENTENTIA!

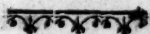
COLUMBIANS, cease to weep! Heaven's will be done,
 Here blooms your virtuous, worthy WASHINGTON;
 To you, Oh! happy people, he was given,
 The fairest favor of indulgent heaven.
 Throughout the various, varied walks of man,
 He did whatever active virtue can:
 His sterling merit gave the boon to fame;
 His virtues wrote among the stars his name.
 Heaven made him yours, and warm'd his mighty mind,
 To claim the veneration of mankind.

Be

Be then Americans, and grateful, love
The man, who taught your passions how to move.
Revere his councils; hold his mem'ry dear;
And teach your children's children to revere.
Be wise, be grateful, active, virtuous, warm,
To heavens best wishes, all your views conform:
Love human rights, and seek the hallow'd road,
To guide you glorious, to your FRIEND and GOD!



FINIS.



28

An occasional Ode,

SUNG at the BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, in WRENTHAM,
FEBRUARY 22, 1800.

THIS day, in happy union met,
We mourn "*Columbia's* fav'rite son,"
He's gone, but can we e'er forget?
The worthy, virtuous WASHINGTON.

No more his full, commanding form
Appears, to hold a world in awe;
To circumscribe th' embattled storm,
Or circumduct the bolts of war.

He lives no more to wake the soul,
By merit, eloquence, or art;
The wise, by wisdom to control,
Or yield pure pleasure to the heart.

No more o'er life's divergent grades,
He holds supreme, unrivall'd sway;
He sleeps in undistinguish'd shades,
But sleeps, to wake in endless day.

Adieu, departed Shade! be blest;
While Nations celebrate thy fame,
Here, in *Columbia's* grateful breast,
True honor shall enshrine thy name.

Let ev'ry patriot bosom feel;
Let sympathetic love be ONE!
And let the votive, vocal peal
Immortalize GEORGE WASHINGTON!



